



AROUSE! AROUSE!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY EDWARD BERRY.

FIREMEN, AROUSE! and proclaim in your might,  
You'll have no secession; but strongly unite  
To maintain in its glory—wherever unfurled,  
The flag of our Union, the pride of the world.

Statesmen, arouse! and political hate  
Discard, when the west of your country's at stake—  
Don't let party strife mar the public good,  
Or disgrace the flag baptized in patriot's blood.  
The blood of your fathers—who strong in the right—  
Dared then weak in numbers—with England's might  
To cope, fought and conquer'd, then proudly unfurled  
The flag which since then has defied all the world.  
And shall it be said that the glory then won  
By our fathers, shall now by ourselves be undone?  
That the flag which no foreign foe dare treat with scorn,  
By ourselves shall be weaken'd, divided and torn?  
No, perish the thought! I say, statesmen, awake!  
Banish all party strife, and combined efforts make  
By mutual concessions secession to smother,  
And prevent man from shedding the blood of his brother.

Women, arouse! for much good you can do  
By using the power which is vested in you.  
The power to do good, for your influence mild  
Can curb the mad passions of husband and child.  
Both North and South—mothers and wives—never cease  
Your labors of love for the blessings of peace.

Arouse, then, each father, son, daughter and mother—  
Remember the Christian law, "Love one another;"  
Let our country remain like a family great,  
Let each State in the Union, each one in each State—  
Proclaim to the world—No power can us sever—  
We have been united, and will be forever.

THE DESPERATE STAKE

OR,

THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY JOHN F. POOLE,

Dramatist.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Pity you haven't a grain of salt. She's new on this pave. Let's follow her."  
Acting on the suggestion, they started after her.  
"By George, I'd like to own her. What say you, Frank, to a bold grab, and a night at Sue Haley's?"  
"A go! Hurry! hurry!"  
At the corner of Church-street, they overtook Amy. In an instant her shawl was thrown forward over her head, and she found herself hurried along at a rapid pace; she attempted to cry out, but a hand was quickly upon her mouth.  
The party halted at a low wooden house, Hal Linton stooping down, pressed his finger against what looked like a knob in the door post, the faint sound of a bell was heard, a moment after the door was opened by a sable janitress.  
"Good eben gemmen. Good eben, got somebody wid you. Um?"  
"Hold your tongue, Chloe. Is the grey room empty?"  
"Yes indeedy it am."  
"All right."  
Amy increased her struggles to escape from her captors, but all resistance was useless. She was conveyed up two short flights of stairs and hurried into "the grey room."

The grey room derived its title from the color of the paper on its walls. In other respects it differed from no other room of the sort.  
"Whew! but I'm tired," cried Frank Artley as he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.  
"Now my Venus, you're safely caged," and Hal Linton replaced the shawl on Amy.  
"Motion—that we the honorable bird-catchers proceed to the parlor and refresh," said Frank.  
"Motion in order," was the response.  
Frank unlocked the door.  
"Now, my beauty, we'll leave you for a short—a very short time, don't you try to escape—please don't—'cause why, you can't do it."

And the valiant pair of fashionable young scoundrels left the room, taking care to lock the door after them.  
Proceeding to the "parlor," they met Sue Haley, and over three bottles of wine they told her the adventure.  
"Look a here, my young bloods you'll better be careful about such business as this, I don't want to get into any trouble through your scrapes. No, not by a precious sight," she added emphatically.  
"Now easy—easy—old gal, don't we pay you handsomely? don't we do the decent thing by you? and if you should ever get into a fix can't we get you out of it? and when I caught the Old Man here, didn't I make him come down sweetly?"  
"Hal! hal! that you did. Sly old cock," cried Frank.  
"Old rat. The old rat loves the ——" said Sue.  
"That's the cheese," interrupted Hal.

The "Old Man" was Linton's paternal parent, who, like the stern parent of the ill-fated lady love of the famous "Villikins" was possessed of "a very large fortune in silver and gold." One evening, while on a tour of observation, he found himself taking notes in Sue Haley's establishment. His hopeful son happening in "just about that time," an unpleasant meeting occurred, and the "governor" was obliged to purchase a promise of secrecy at the outlay of a "century."

"Well," said Sue, "I'm going to see this gal; perhaps she'll be useful to me after a time; my stock is running down, and I shall soon want to replenish."  
"All right. Here's the key old gal; don't let her slip, or by the big bell of Moscow, you're a gone in coon," said Hal, as he handed her the key.  
Sue Haley entered the grey room.  
"Hullo gal!"  
Amy was at the feet of her visitor.  
"Oh, you are a woman," she cried; "you must have some pity, save me! save me!"  
"Pooh, pooh, nonsense! have sense gal, nobody's going to kill you."

"It is not death I fear. Death were welcome to me, could I find no other escape but in his icy embrace. Oh, as you are a woman if you have one drop of pity in your breast, save me. Save me, and I will ever pray for you!"  
"Pray for me! ha, ha, ha! that's a bully joke. No, gal, I'm past praying for. So'll you be, one of these days."

"Oh, no! no! no! fallen as you are, you cannot be devoid of all humanity. You bear the shape of woman, you must possess a woman's heart. There must be left some remnant of pity, of mercy, of justice in your soul; you will not sanction this wrong; you cannot allow an innocent being to sink in a terrible abyss of sin and shame."

"That's the way all the gals take on at first. It's soon got over though; then the little sin don't look so big."

"Little sin, woman? it is murder, murder, and worse. I have a mother, she now awaits my coming; a mother, whose greatest care has ever been to lead aright her child's steps; were she to learn that her daughter had come to shame, it would break her doting heart. It is murder, murder! Oh, you had a mother once, a mother who, perhaps doted on you as mine does on me. You had. I see the teardrop in your eye. By that mother's memory, by her pains in bringing you to life, by all her hopes and fears, her prayers for her child, by the pangs she must have suffered if in her time you fell, I conjure you, I pray you, save me from a fate my soul shudders to think of. Save me, and the act shall ascend to Heaven, and seal oblivion on the record of your sin!"

The tear left Sue Haley's eye, and, like a glistening diamond, coursed its way down her cheek. For some moments she did not speak, and when she did, it was in a tone of singular vehemence.

"I'll save you, gal. I'll save you. You've touched a chord in my heart that I thought was broken long ago; and, by G—, I'll do it, if they kill me for it. Come with me, softly and silently. It's too late for you to go home, but I will put you where you will be safe till morning."

Sue Haley led her to the garret, and placed her in a room that was used for stowing away lumber.

"Here," said she, "you will be safe; fear not. I will be with you in the morning, at daybreak."

"May Heaven reward you for this deed, and the recording angel in registering this noble act, blot out all record of offences past."

"Pray away, gal, pray away, it mayn't do me any good, but it can't hurt me."

Half an hour later, the young bloods, considerably the worse for wine, visited the "grey room." Great was their surprise on finding that their bird had flown.

"See here, Sue Haley, I don't allow no bloody — to fool me. Produce the girl, trot her out, or look at this," and Hal Linton presented his highly polished silver mounted pistol.

"I'll see you, and go five better," said Sue coolly, producing a Colt's six-shooter. "I'm not the young woman to be bluffed off in my own house. You've played your cards, and you're euehred. If the game don't suit you, go."

"Sue Haley, mark my words; we've patronized your house, we've left you gold, yellow gold; don't vex us! don't you do it," and Hal's tone was threatening.

Sue Haley was aroused.

"Curse you!" she cried, "I lived before I saw you, I can live without you. I could live, if you were in hell. I've saved the gal, and if I could tell you where she is, and I were at the stake, I'd say, 'light your pile, I shan't tell you.'"

The "fast young men" raved and swore, but Sue Haley and Colt were six to one against them, so they had to make the best of a bad bargain and travel, which they did, swearing that Sue Haley and her crib might go to the lower regions for all their patronage should save them.

Amy Sterne was saved, and next morning she departed for her home with many a prayer for the lost Sue Haley.

What a contrast! The pets of the avenue, the respected, wild young men, and the despised, the scorned, the wanton, the outcast, the past-praying for Sue Haley.

CHAPTER V.

A Short Chapter—The Underground Railroad—Vice in a Maze—Disturbing the Rats—Rayton finds a Refuge—Danny Donohoe at the Police Court—A Good Character worth Something—Alastor Gripp Explains Matters—A Bit of Political Policy—Danny is Discharged with a Caution—The Lost Chickens Come Home to Roost.

Through the counter cellar of the "Sink" was Ralph Rayton brought, under the guidance of Cully Shay. From it a narrow passage-way—the entrance to which was concealed—led to a wider one under the street; following this, they came to a series of passages so narrow as to allow but one abreast to pass through. These were so contrived as to form a sort of maze. A person unaccustomed to its puzzle, might follow its windings all day long, and at night fumble up just where he started. Shay was an adept in its mysteries; it had often served him in a straight. Gropping his way on—for all was utter darkness—he soon brought his companion to a wider passage.

"Now we're under the houses in Park Street," he said. "It's a straight road now all the way."

As they proceeded, almost stifled by the foul air of the place, rats, by the dozen, galloped about their feet or scampered off before them. Creeping things of various kinds, brushed off the walls by their close contact, alighted on and crawled over their hands and faces, some even finding their way down their necks.

At length they came to a turn in the passage.

"A few steps further, and you're all O. K., old boss. Beasty dirty travelling is this; it's worse nor working in the quarry, for the air on 'the island' is fresher."

He stopped at a wooden door, stretched up his full height and shot back a bolt.

The party entered a small apartment, the floor of which was paved with brick. Through the cracks in a door on the opposite side, the daylight streaked in.

Cully Shay gave a peculiar low whistle three times in succession. The sound of a key grating in a lock was heard, the door opened, and the party was admitted.

"Good day to you, Mister Jack Ferrit; a couple of my friends, come to visit you. Lock your front door, and bring a dose of your aquafortis here double quick," said Shay, as they entered.

Leaving Ralph Rayton in the hands of his friends, we return to "the victim of generosity," Danny Donohoe.

Danny's constitution was a strong one, and his head

was a hard one, so that, though the tapping of the locusts mutilated it considerably, it remained unfractured. After spending the night in a cell, denied even the benefit of medical aid, he was brought in the morning before the sitting magistrate. Here he stated his case, in a—for him—wonderfully lucid manner, referring to his employers and a host of down town merchants for proof that he was not a burglar. Mr. Gripp being sent for, and being unwilling to risk an exposure of his fall from grace, by prosecuting Danny, explained to the judge that it was all a mistake, occurring from the peculiar fondness of the boy Bounce, for playing practical jokes.

Taking this view of the case, the official, satisfied by enquiry, that Danny was not a desperate midnight burglar, and concluding that he had received the worst of the encounter with "the majesty of the law," and moreover, remembering the fact that election time was close at hand, and as he intended running for a higher office, it would be a good thing to secure the good will of the Celtic population by a show of clemency to one of their persuasion, discharged Danny, with a caution to be more careful in future how he became the victim of practical jokes, and a polite reminder, that were he not disposed to be lenient to "the humble laborer, the naturalized citizen of this great and glorious republic, whose interests he ever studied," he might have doomed him to a felon's lot in the State prison.

"Long life to your honor! bad luck to that little vagabone! Oh, devil's cure to me for meddlin wid him at all, at all! Look at the state o' me, to walk the streets this blessed day, as if I was some murtherin bad character interly; an' all through making an omadoun of meself, like a simple born natural as I was. Oh, for the love o' glory, somebody lind me a coat or sind for a carriage."

But nobody volunteering to do either, he was obliged to make his way home the best way he could.

Mrs. Donohoe sat wondering what could detain the "ould man" so long after his accustomed hour of returning. When he made his appearance, his shocking plight almost sent her into hysterics.

"Oh, Danny dear! Danny dear! you've been murthered. What's the matter wid you at all, Danny dear?"

Danny told his adventure.

"Oh, bad wind to thim, the murtherin spalpeens." A doctor was sent for, Danny's wounds dressed, and a season of quietness recommended.

The confinement was irksome to Danny; he tried to enliven it by singing.

"Give us a bit of a ditty, Danny dear," Molly would say, as he sat by the fire moping.

"Faix I'll try, Molly darlin, just to plaze you."

"Arr, as I walked out one morning, down by the river side, For lonely recreation, an' to view the flowing tide, When suddenly I heard a voice in thieader accents cry, Arrah, Johnny dear, don't murther me, or if you do, I'll die."

"Musha, the heart isn't in me. I can't sing. If goold guineas was sellin for a song, the divil a rap we'd get, for

"I'm not meself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear, I'm not meself at all."

CHAPTER VI.

Three months later, Gripp entered once more into the Communionship of the Faithful—"A Brand Plucked from the Burning"—The Ten Per Cents—A Little Family Quarrel—"Ham, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Lard, etc."—The Hon. Captain Formesley—A Declaration of Love—A Prudent Mama—The Forests of Merrie England—Eveline Tempercent is Secretly Married to the English Captain—Solomon tries a "Curse," but like Mr. Macbeth's "Amen," it Sticks in his throat.

THREE months had passed away.

Among the events of the period are to be recorded the following:

First—Alastor Gripp had by a penitent confession of his fall, and a moving promise of reformation in the future, been re-installed into the communionship of the faithful, and most of the various offices from which he had been removed, and now offered as one "newly born," a brand plucked from the burning.

Second—Amy Sterne had found a friend in a working girl, with whom she became acquainted, and through her, obtained employment in a hoop skirt factory, at a weekly salary of three dollars.

Third—Danny had entirely recovered from the effects of his "rush of clubs to the head," and was once more able to attend to his work and sing his ditties as merry as ever, much to the delight of his "ould woman."

Fourth—The hunt for Ralph Rayton had ceased, and that gentleman was almost forgotten by the authorities. He is not forgotten by the author, however.

The Tempercents occupied one of the finest brown stone fronts on the avenue. The Tempercents were trump cards in the biggest society. Solomon Tempercent was one of the heavy men of Wall street; his nod was wisdom, and his word was law among the bulls and bears, while the female Tempercents were the highest authority in every thing fashionable and upper-crusty.

Eveline Tempercent was a beautiful creature, "just nineteen years old." Let us borrow the language of Reynolds, Ainsworth, or Cobb, while we describe her. "A face on which Angelo or Raphael might have gazed forever and dreamed of Heaven, hair of the raven's hue, a brow of purest alabaster, eyes twin diamonds that pierced the soul like swords of fire, shaded by lashes that hung upon her cheek, arching eyebrows, cheeks whereon the rose vied with the lily, lips twin cherries bursting into ripeness, a neck like the swan, truly a beautiful being was she, whose fair brow the gentle wind of nineteen summers had fanned, etc., etc."

Eveline's delight was reading novels. From Ivanhoe to the latest "yaller kiver," she doted on them, she purchased them, she read them, she fed on them, until they became as necessary to her existence as the very air she breathed.

Eveline had once set out to write a novel herself, founded on the poem of "Loebhinar; or the Bridal of Wetherby," but finding writing more irksome than reading, she gave it up on the fifth page.

Among the visitors at the Tempercent mansion was one Capt. Maximilian Formesley, of Her Britannic Majesty's Army. The Captain was a new acquaintance, having but lately arrived from "merrie England," where, as he stated, his uncle, Sir Hugh Formesley, resided. Captain Formesley was a welcome guest at the brown stone front, for Mrs. Consuelo Tempercent was the woman to appreciate so distinguished an acquaintanceship.

"A Captain in the English army, and heir to his uncle's estates and title, as I'm a sane woman. It's the nearest thing to a prince," she said one morning to Solomon.

"Upon my honor, we may congratulate ourselves upon having such a visitor; besides, he seems particularly attentive to Eveline. Who knows but he may make an offer of marriage? And then Mr. Tempercent, what would you say to such a connexion?"

"Say! I'd say I don't know who and what you are, and before I give my consent to anything of the kind, I must have proof that you are what you say."

"What, and insult him? Proof! Mr. Tempercent, the

Captain is a man of honor, and none but a clown would dare to doubt him."

"Which means that I am a clown. Mrs. Tempercent, if to-morrow the young man whom we some time since feled as the Prince of Wales, were to come to me and ask for Eveline's hand, I'd say to him, 'bring me the proof that you are Edward Albert, son of Queen Victoria, and then I'll settle the business.'"

"Solomon Tempercent, you are a fool."

"Thank you, my love. Look you, if a man were to come to me and ask for the loan of a trifling sum of money, would I not first look to his security, would I not see that he was the person he represented himself to be? And is my daughter less to me than my gold? Shall I be less careful of her than I would of my money? Not no! that's not my way of dealing."

"Mr. Tempercent, you are a boor, a perfect boor; to talk in such a way. You will please, for the future, keep your mercantile expressions for your office. This house is no place for business language."

"Consuelo, you forget that when my sole capital in trade was a small provision store, the little back room, our parlor, kitchen and bedroom, was the place where most of my business plans were laid."

"I thank Heaven, Mr. Tempercent, that my memory does not extend over a space of twenty years."

"Then I will refresh it for you," said Solomon, malignantly. "We had a small store at a cheap rent, we sold butter, hams, —"

"Solomon, Solomon, hold your tongue."

"Eggs, lard, bacon —"

"I shall scream!"

"Pork —"

"I shall faint!"

"Sausages —"

"I shall die."

"Country made—by the string."

"I'm off!" and Mrs. Tempercent sank on a sofa. She neither screamed, fainted or died, so Solomon kept on.

"We lived sparingly. I saved money. I made a lucky investment. I followed it up; we grew rich, I turned broker, my capital doubled, trebled, increased a hundred, aye, a thousand fold, until I became one of the richest men in Wall street, and my proudest boast, Mrs. Tempercent, is, that I made it all by honest industry."

Mrs. Tempercent did not move.

"Shall I ring the bell for help?" he asked in a quiet tone.

"No, leave me; and, Solomon Tempercent, if, on your return, you find me a cold corpse, have inscribed on my tomb-stone, 'Killed by the low conduct of her husband.'"

"I will, my love; it shall be, 'Killed by the low conduct of her husband, Solomon Tempercent, formerly a small dealer in eggs, butter, cheese, lard, and so forth.'"

Leaving Mrs. T. to enjoy the effect of his last speech, Solomon departed for his office.

That afternoon three persons were seated in the parlor of Mr. Brown Stone Front. They were Mrs. Tempercent, Eveline, and the honorable Captain Maximilian Formesley. The Hon. Captain was a man of some five and thirty years, six feet in stature, dark hair and whiskers, a handsome face, and piercing black eyes. His British uniform set off his well formed person to the best advantage.

Capt. Formesley and Eveline were seated by the window. Mrs. Tempercent sat at a judicious distance on a damask lounge.

"How delightful! Ah, happy beings are they who can thus leave the busy hum of city life, and seek bliss among the grand old forest trees—the mighty forest, with its herds of deer, its sweet chorus of song-birds, its meandering streams, its rural shades, its bowers and dells, all in the merry greenwood."

Eveline's idea of English forests had been gathered from G. P. R. James, and other historians.

The Hon. Captain had been describing the beauties of his uncle's vast estates—the estates to which he should at an early day be heir.

"It is grand, it is superb. A long residence among such noble scenes may destroy, to some minds, their beauties; but as for me, with the only being on earth I love"—here he gave a fond meaning look at Eveline—"I could spend a life of happiness, of ecstasy amidst them."

"Oh, how I would love to go to England; but Pa would never leave this vulgar country."

"And what need is there that he should?" said the Captain, resolved to push his conquest. "Oh, Eveline, may I say dearest Eveline, were you but mine, you should visit those charming scenes. All England should do homage to your beauty; you should reign queen of all hearts. Ah, Madame," he added, addressing the mater pudentissima, "I feel that the hour of my destiny has come; on your daughter's words, on your words, my fate, my life, my existence depend. I make bold to confess my love for her; say that it is vain, and by you sun, ere this night he sinks to rest, the thread shall be cut that binds me to earth."

Eveline's face was buried in the book she held—that excellent tale of Mrs. Southworth's—"Shannondale." With beating heart she listened for her mother's words. They came.

"Captain Formesley," said Mrs. T., speaking in a, for her, surprisingly business tone. "I have no say in the matter. You are already acquainted with Mr. Tempercent's manners. He takes upon himself the disposal of her hand. In fact, I blush to say it, he treats her as he would an article of merchandise. He weighs and values the suitors for her hand, and, but this morning—pardon the disclosure—he announced his intention of demanding of you the proof of your—your—rank and prospects."

Those few words settled the Captain's mind. The moment they were uttered, he resolved to address the parents no more.

With an adroitness that was perfectly astonishing, he changed the conversation in a few moments.

Mrs. Tempercent took the earliest opportunity to leave the room under pretence of giving some orders to the servants.

The Captain's arguments were now all in favor of a secret marriage.

It is useless to register all the pleadings, the sophistry he employed for the purpose. Suffice it to say, that three days later, with the silent sanction of Mrs. Consuelo Tempercent, the Hon. Captain Formesley and Eveline Tempercent were privately married by Alderman Featherstern.

An hour later, and Solomon received a note from Mrs. the Hon. Captain Formesley informing him of the circumstance.

Solomon Tempercent "raved, swore, and tore his hair" on the perusal of the note. He felt it in his heart to curse her, but, "she was his only daughter, his only child," and the words of passion stuck in his throat like the "amen" of Mr. Macbeth, and choked him.

TO BE CONTINUED.



SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questions sent in by CLIPPER, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

**DOGGERY, Indianapolis.**—"When the CLIPPER first started, I withdrew from all other papers, and ever since have furnished my items for you, and you alone. In the last few years, I have written for you from the Balize to St. Anthony's Falls; from Grand Rapids, Mich., to Hot Springs, Ark.; from Montgomery, Ala., to Oberlin, Ohio. When short of the 'spoon,' I have dispensed with my usual ship sooner than miss my favorite journal. I have watched its growth and prided myself that America could boast of one paper devoted to professional interests, supported by the profession it upholds, a paper untrammelled by party feeling, and unswayed by politics. When it first emerged from its swaddling clothes, I fondled the babe; in childhood, it was all that could be desired; and now, that it has reached manhood, and is strong enough to fear none, must it forget its first grand principles, and turn politician? True, your Northern circulation is ten times greater than your Southern; but your rich, rare, and racy stories, and fund of information, are sufficient without politics. Let it drop.".... The question which now agitates the country, and which we are now taking a humble part in discussing, is not one of politics, but of the preservation of the Union, entire. In these perilous times, forced upon us by rabid politicians of the North and South, every man is expected to show his colors; and why should the always independent little CLIPPER shrink the question now? Before the November election, what little influence we possessed was exerted in behalf of the Union party against Lincoln. For years, we have voted with the South against Republicanism, and every other kind of man. Our party was fairly defeated, and we were content to abide the issue for four years, when we should be ready to pick our flint, and try it again. But the treasonable designs of discomfited politicians in the South have brought our country to the verge of ruin; and in defence of the Stars and Stripes, we of the North, take a stand which will be a glorious epoch in our history for ages to come. We have no politics now—we have no Lincoln men, no Bell men, no Breckinridge men, but we are all Union men, each one determined to do what little he can in support of our government. As a journalist, we have a duty to perform, and former principles fade away before the great question now at stake. We wage no war against the South—we merely battle with those who would destroy this great fabric of freedom. We have many personal friends in the South, and many in the North. We love and cherish the friendship of all alike. When the government has asserted its authority, and shown to the world that the American Union is indissoluble, then shall we drop "politics," as our friend erroneously terms it, and "sail on" in our accustomed channel. Many of our professional friends have been ignominiously driven out of the Southern country merely because they were born in the North. A relative of ours, attached to a theatre in Tennessee, was recently compelled to fly for his life from that country, an infuriated mob threatening to hang him if they caught him. He was pursued, and in jumping from a train of cars on which were some of his enemies, his wrist was broken, and he was otherwise injured. No professional man from the South is troubled that way in the North; and such things will not occur in any section of the country when mob rule shall have been exterminated by the traction arm of the United States government. We thank Dogberry for his many items, and hope to hear from him often again.

**TWO.**—"Two men peddling oranges, sell each 30 in one day—the one (A) disposing of his at 3 for a cent, receiving 10 cents for his lot; the other (B) selling his 2 for a cent, realizing 15 cents—the two netting 25 cents. The following day they form a partnership, taking out and disposing of the same number (30 each) as before, which they agree to sell 5 for 2 cents—the same rate, in fact, at which they were sold the day before—but together they realize but 24 cents. If you can account for the discrepancy in the proceeds of the two days' sales, you will much oblige us.".... In the first place we are informed that A and B (if you please) went peddling oranges, A selling 3 oranges for 1 cent, and disposing of 30 during the day. A relative of ours, attached to a theatre in Tennessee, was recently compelled to fly for his life from that country, an infuriated mob threatening to hang him if they caught him. He was pursued, and in jumping from a train of cars on which were some of his enemies, his wrist was broken, and he was otherwise injured. No professional man from the South is troubled that way in the North; and such things will not occur in any section of the country when mob rule shall have been exterminated by the traction arm of the United States government. We thank Dogberry for his many items, and hope to hear from him often again.

**DARKY.**—"Tom says: 'I'll bet there is no one here dare make me an offer for my horse and wagon.' Harry replies: 'I'll bet you the drinks there is one here that dare make you an offer for your horse and wagon.' Tom then says: 'I'll take that bet.' When Harry says: 'I now offer you fifty cents for your horse and wagon.' Has Harry made Tom an offer for his horse and wagon?..... Harry certainly did make an offer, although a rather small one, and Tom must pay for the drinks. The lesson will teach Tom to be more cautious in making wagers of that kind."

**ANTI PALMETTO, Pa.**—"Of the exact age of Rev. H. W. Beecher, we are not informed, but presume he is upwards of 40. He is married, has children, and his eldest son, Henry B. Beecher, as well as his to be son-in-law, have both enlisted in the 13th regiment of this State. 2. We do not know if the Champion has or has not enlisted on either side of 'Dixie.'"

**SCIPIO, Base Ball.**—"Can the catcher put out a man coming in from the third base? 2. If the striker hits a ball inside the square, is he bound to run? 3. Are base counted in a match game, or any other, that is, supposing a player is on the second or third base when the last man is put out, are they entitled to be credited with those bases?"..... 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No.

**R. G., Philadelphia, Pa.**—"As we have repeatedly stated, the 'sure thing' dodge is played out. B. having four aces, could bet his pile so long as A chose to back against him. When A's funds were exhausted, however, he (A) would be entitled to a 'show' from B."

**G. B., Montreal.**—"1. The present distracted state of the country will prevent the organization of a club this season. Everything must now give way to the preservation of the Union. 2. We cannot make an arrangement now; you had better let Dowling have them."

**S. R. P., Philadelphia.**—"The fastest time made in trotting is 2:19, by Flora Temple; in pacing, 2:17, by Pocahontas; in running, 1:40, less an infinitesimal fraction, by Saunterer, in England."

**FRANK, New Orleans.**—"1. We have no reliable biography from which we can gather the information. Her father, we believe, resides in this city. 2. Singing songs of a dissolute character."

**PATRIOTIC POETRY.**—"We have on hand a score or two of patriotic poems; some will be published, some not. We have not time to answer each correspondent separately, so we tunc bunch them."

**CAMDEN CRICKETER.**—"You should not let so long time elapse before sending your report, if you wish it published. A whole month makes the news too stale."

**J. D., Boston.**—"1. You can procure the CLIPPER at the news offices in your city. 2. For the whereabouts of the parties named, see our theatrical summary."

**J. B. R., Poughkeepsie.**—"There are doubtless different shops in the building, and in offering the wager, A meant the shop, or room, in which he was engaged."

**F. C., Lawrence, Mass.**—"Keep a close watch on our theatrical summary."

**UNION.**—"At all points, probably Charley is the best; but in stop-ping, Izzy takes the palm."

**J. V. E., Boston.**—"A has the first chance."

**SAM, New Haven.**—"The variable Dan still lives."

**LEXINGTON, N. O.**—"Thank you for your attention."

**J. L. G., Cincinnati.**—"His own son."

**C. C. C., Erie, Pa.**—"Money received on the 9th inst."

**C. R., Your "duelling" poem** is respectfully declined.

**C. C. J., New Haven.**—"We cannot decide."

**C. L. W., Londonderry, Vt.**—"Yes, when sent in registered letters."

**T. B., Laogan** was beaten by Spring in both battles.

**CROW (NORTON).**—"Did you get that note from Ed. James?"

**DIRTY BUSINESS.**—"We are compelled, much against our will, to give an expose, in our chess department, of the recent dirty and contemptible conduct of certain Philadelphia chess players towards a young chess player of New-York. A more mean and despicable shift to back out of a match which the Philadelphia knew they would lose if played out, could not have been conceived; and could only have been carried out by men used to such business. Shame on the dirty crew, and their equally dirty journal."

**MUCH EASIER.**—"To raise the Palmetto Flag in South Carolina, than to 'raise the wind.'"

## THE WAR.

ITS HEROES ON THE FIELD—ITS HEROINES AT HOME.

MANY are the acts of patriotic devotion which the present crisis in the affairs of the nation has inspired. First among these we must recognize the willingness with which thousands of our fellow citizens have gone forth, to fight the battle of the Constitution. Confined to no particular age or social degree, poor as well as wealthy, these have undertaken the perils of the occasion, determined that no effort shall be wanting on their part, to chastise the traitors who seek to destroy the Union, and to restore peace and prosperity to the whole land.

Next come the liberal hearted, and fortunately as liberally provided employers, who have not only consented but strongly urged the enlistment of their assistants into various military organizations, promising them their old places if they return honorably, and their regular pay while absent. Then, there are the other "good men and true," who are busy in organizing funds for the relief of the relatives of those who have gone or are preparing to go to that war. Honor be to them also, for they deserve well of their country.

But perhaps the brightest example of patriotism and self-forgetfulness associated with present things, is that exhibited by the females of America. Everybody who has witnessed the departure of troops from our midst, within the past three weeks, must have received ample proof of how deep-seated are the household affections in the hearts of wives, mothers, and sisters, but however these are all held in check at the call of a paramount duty. "Not ours alone, but the country's also." The sentiment expressed by these words has seemed uppermost in the minds of those weeping female relatives, who, in the interval named, have pressed the check and the hand of the near and dear ones—perhaps for the last time.

Nor has devotion stopped here. Not the wife separated from the husband, the mother from the son, the sister from the only brother, have not, after the great sacrifice is made, seated themselves in idleness, or unavailing lamentation at home, but have labored to be useful to the general hosts who have come to meet the enemy. Nothing has come amiss to these true-hearted American women. If not able to subscribe to the material funds in process of collection for those who may need such assistance, they are busy in emulating others in the good work, while they themselves ply their fingers—providing some bodily comfort for their defenders, even picking linen, to be applied to the wounds of the absent heroes.

All this is exceedingly beautiful to the eye, exceedingly beautiful, also, to the mental contemplation. But, there are inner scenes of life, connected with the present drama, as enacted on our soil, which, more than any other we have as yet particularized, deserve the title, heroic. It is among the comparatively needy—in short, those who are emphatically the PEOPLE—we seek for these. Even within a brief circle of our own dwelling, how many are there we can count, who, more or less dependant (some entirely so) on the relatives they have really consigned to go forth to do battle, have been left to the worst uncertainties of life! How many a little happy household has been entirely broken up at the call to arms! How many plans have been frustrated, surely for a time, perhaps forever! With the beautiful season just now covering our earth with a mantle of green, rendering our skies brighter, and our waters more limpid, what genial anticipations have been thwarted! The old home, always bright, but in the summer brighter than ever, because all things out of doors are so much more resplendent than at other times! The visit to the country, the inhaling of purer air, and the invigoration of mind and body by means of a reasonable change! Yes; these have all been resigned—resigned without a murmur, at the call of duty; but, let it be the hope of all honest American hearts, that no sacrifice will be added—that the lack of decent shelter and sufficient fare be not inflicted upon the self-denying women of our cities and smaller places. They have already done their full duty to their country; let the country do its duty to them.

**A LADY DUELIST.**—A curious case is related as having taken place at Berlin. At a first-class hotel in that city, two young men, strangers to each other, quarrelled in a political discussion. They left the table, cards were exchanged, and one of the young men, a stranger in Berlin, requested pistols. A letter connected with the affair fell into the hands of the young man's sister, who at once conceived the extraordinary notion of taking her brother's place; she being so devotedly attached to him, that the preferred death to his incurable danger! Resembling her brother, and attired in his apparel, she appeared on the field at the appointed hour. Her opponent, however, discovered the trick—even the pantaloons could not disguise his fair adversary; but keeping his own secret, and willing to gratify her singular gallantry, took his place. He obtained the right of the first fire, and levelled his pistol at the young girl; but perceiving no fire in her, fired into the air. The lady's turn now came, and she, no way fastidious about using her rights, levelled, fired, and shot the young man in the shoulder.

**THE PROFESSIONAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.**—This event, which was announced to take place under the auspices of Messrs. Phelan and Colender, some time in June, is, we are sorry to learn, postponed until the present state of affairs improve, and warrant its taking place. The postponement has been brought about mainly through the solicitations of several of those who had promised to enter, but who are now, directly or indirectly, engaged in the present war movement, and therefore are unable to attend. The time and locality of its taking place in the future, will be duly announced, so that all will have an opportunity to take a hand in. For the present, it is deemed advisable to allow billiard balls to give place to rifle and cannon balls. We hope it will not be long ere we shall have the pleasure of reporting matters in reverse order.

**BILLIARDS, CHESS AND WAR.**—Three months receipts of the first floor of Bassford's billiard rooms, No. 149 Fulton street, are to be donated towards the fund for the relief of families left without support, through the enlistment of the New York Volunteers. A one hundred dollar prize cue is also to be competed for, at the French car on game, the proceeds of the game to be given for the same object. Opportunities to chess players will be also given to show their zeal in a like manner, for their country's cause. As the object is a good one, we hope our chess and billiard players will patronize it largely, and do all they can to further its success, pecuniarily and otherwise.

**NEW YORK AS IT IS.**—New York is now a regular war camp! Central Park, where beauty and fashion promenade and revelled, is now astir with the tramp of volunteer soldiers. City Hall Park is no longer the shady retreat it was; barracks and recruit drilling have changed the scene. Castle Garden presents but an indifferent reception for the newly-arrived emigrant. Zouaves and other soldiers monopolize the "Castle" and the "Garden." Nearly every street presents a recruiting station. Every hall a drill room. Such is New York.

**YACHTS FOR WAR PURPOSES.**—It is stated that several owners of yachts have tendered the use of them to Uncle Sam, and that they have been accepted. They will prove of great service to the blockading fleet in more ways than one. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., is also said to have offered the services of his yacht and crew under the following conditions, viz:—That the government furnish a number of additional men, and allow him to take command.

**CARELESS USE OF FIRE-ARMS.**—Fatal accidents from the careless use of fire-arms are woefully on the increase. Now, that almost every one is being armed, the utmost caution should be exercised. Recklessness and carelessness have left many a woman a widow, and many a widow childless. To all using fire-arms, we say—be cautious.

**AN ANCIENT RABBY.**—A horse breaker, in the "good old times of Queen Bess," teaches the art in this way:—"If your horse does not stand still or hesitate, then strike with a terrible voice and beat him yourself with a good stick upon the head between his ears, and then stick him in the spurring place till or till times together, with one leg after another, as fast as your legs might walk; your legs must go like two bouching beetles."

**CANNOT COME TO DINNER.**—Vice President Stephens excused himself from attending a public dinner, lately, by reason of "pressure of business." The "pressure" of the rope may interfere with his dinner some other day.

## THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

PARTICULARS OF THE BACK DOWN OF CHAMBERS.

THE MEETING AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

REPLY OF THE AMERICANS.

JOSHUA WARD, CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.

HIS CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

In our last we briefly adverted to the fact that Chambers, heretofore known as champion of the Thames, London, had backed out of his proposed match with Joshua Ward, the American Champion. It is one of the most contemptible back downs we ever heard of. The excuses of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne party have no foundation in fact, and are merely adopted for the want of something better. Mr. Ward's first deposit, \$1250, has been in the hands of the stakeholder for several weeks, while Chambers has never had one dollar posted on the match. On the part of the Thames champion, it looks very much as if they intended to play a bluff game. Mr. Jas. Farrish, Chambers' representative in this country, has done all in his power to bring the match to an issue; he has given money and time in looking out for Chambers' interests, and scarcely knows what to think of the conduct of Chambers and his friends. That our readers may understand fully how the case stands, we append a report of a meeting held by Chambers' friends, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as we find it in the *Cynosure*, of that place, on the 15th of April:—

**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SCULLER'S MATCH.**  
A meeting of the friends and backers of Chambers was held at Henry Casper's, the Rower's Arms, Low Ewisk on Wednesday last, Mr. James Wilkinson in the chair. In opening the proceedings the chairman said that in November last when they took up the challenge which was lying so heavily on the American champion, they expected that arrangements would have been made so that the match could have come off in the course of the present month in order to enable those who went to America in connection with the match to return to England before much of the aquatic season was over; but in consequence of the tardiness of the Americans that was now impossible. All the articles were despatched in January, but it was not until the last week in March that they received the least intimation that Ward intended to proceed with the match. There was one clause to which Ward's party had taken exception. It was that relating to the interference of steamboats, and it appeared that the Americans were desirous that their man should be shown over the course by a small steamer. Now cutters on the Thames were bad enough, but for the man to be preceded by a steamboat, if such were really intended, could not possibly be thought of. Before discussing that point, however, it would be as well to determine whether the match ought to be proceeded with or not. A long conversation then ensued, in the course of which it appeared that Casper had refused orders for boats in the early part of the year, in the expectation of going to America, but owing to the delay that had arisen he had proceeded with his business and was now engaged to complete several boats, including a beautiful six-oared cutter for certain officers at Gibraltar, and a boat for Mr. Playford, of the Sons of the Thames Regatta. Under these circumstances it was impossible that he could accompany Chambers, and as many of his backers who intended to have accompanied Chambers would now be unable to leave England, it was agreed to stand by the clause, that the match be not proceeded with this year; but should Ward be anxious to test his powers with the English champion, Chambers will row him in England on the terms proposed in the articles; or should he object to English waters, he will row him on the Seine at Rouen, and give Ward two thirds of the sum originally named for expenses. A vote of thanks was then passed to Mr. Farrish for his great pains in conducting the American correspondence relating to the match; and after passing a similar vote to the chairman, the meeting separated.

In reply to the statements contained in the above report, we are requested to give publicity to the following communication, which places in a true light the circumstances connected with the match, and its final issue:—

**CARD.**—New York, May 11, 1861.—MR. QUINN—Sir: Along with this you will receive a card from Ward, who, in conjunction with his friends, feel desirous to see the match proceed by the usual termination of this match. By a very brief and somewhat strange letter, and also by a paper containing the proceedings of a meeting of Chambers' friends, received by Mr. Farrish, and by him submitted to us, we learn that they accuse us, list of delay; 2d, that Ward objected to a clause in the articles; and 3d, that he intended to leave England, and go to America, and so on, which would prevent him from leaving England at present, and consequently the match was off for the season. They offer, however, to row Ward on the Thames, or on the Seine. To the first objection raised, and in reply to the allusion that the articles were forwarded to America in January, we suggest that as there are four weeks in that month, it would have been as well, perhaps, for them to have given us dates. Now, the lower accompanying the articles was dated Jan. 24th; allowing time for despatching it, and also for the steamer's trip, it would be, and was about the middle of February when we were placed in receipt of it. On the evening of March 7th, Ward's first deposit, \$1250, was put up. The whole "delay" on Ward's part was about 6 weeks, in which time his friends were busy raising his money, and endeavoring to find the stakeholder named by Chambers, or one that would prove satisfactory in his stead; not much of a delay, we think, especially as there was no time mentioned in the articles for putting up the first deposit. To the 2d objection, we beg to state that Ward did not wish a steamer to accompany him around the coast, as nothing of the kind was ever mentioned by him, and it is a mystery to us how such a ridiculous idea ever found its way across the Atlantic; but it was to the effect that the allusion to steamers, etc., should be stricken out of the articles altogether, as by it either party might save their man from a defeat from some interference in this respect. But the third objection, we think, has determined the fate of this affair. Ward had no longer engaged during the progress of proceedings; he had not even a proper boat to row in, and it seems a little singular to us that the failure of procuring one trainer's attendance should be of such vital importance to Chambers, that a match which has excited so much attention in both countries should fall to the ground in consequence. Mr. Ward will neither row in England or in France; nor has he, or definitely, as is implied, ever challenged Chambers; but he has accepted the proposition emanating from Chambers himself, which are specified in the articles that Ward has already signed; and when the English Champion comes forward with his money to make good the same, Ward will be ready to meet him. The latter's money, which has been laying idle for two months, and which was manifestly put up without deserving it, has now been drawn out, but he has no other resource, in order that there may be no further excuse, and when Mr. Chambers has now a forfeit ready on this side, the match will be proceeded with. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, we are sorry to believe that, after so much has been done, some outside parties have been privileged to influence the other side with misrepresentations in regard to Chambers being deprived of a fair show here. It would have been a pleasure to many gentlemen of the best standing in society—and enough of them, we think—to have taken possession of this race—could they have had an opportunity of convincing all that the same courtesy and fairness would have endeavored to show to Mr. Chambers' representative would have been meted out to himself.

**DICK RESPOND.** BENJAMIN B. ORELL, OSCAR TRED, WILLIAM LISIE, NATHANIEL BELKAP, ROBERT EARL.  
Joshua Ward feels deeply grieved that Chambers should have permitted the match to go on, as he did, and at the last moment declare his unwillingness to meet the American. He now boldly proclaims himself champion, and will meet Chambers, "or any other man who may dispute his claim. The following is Ward's letter, in regard to the withdrawal of Chambers:—

**LETTER FROM WARD.**—Cornwall, Orange County, N. Y., May 10, 1861.—MR. QUINN—Sir:—Understanding that a challenge has been declined a contest with me for the rowing Championship, I now claim the honor of holding the position of Champion. I shall continue to do so until I am fairly defeated by him in a race which is specified in the Articles I have already signed. I have endeavored to bring this match to a successful issue, by agreeing to row a race of his own in all except one clause, which, in the opinion of those desirous of having a fair trial, should never have been inserted. I now waive any objection, and will row him in the early part of the next season. I will accept of any responsible gentleman in America for stakeholder. On Mr. Chambers signifying his readiness to go on with the match, and by his depositing a forfeit in the hands of such stakeholder as may be mutually agreed to, I will cover it with my amount, and row him the race proposed. Respectfully yours, JOSHUA WARD.

**ANOTHER SECRETARY.**—Clinton, Mass., May 7, 1861.—FRANK QUINN, Esq.—Dear Sir:—From and after this time, you will please discount my paper. When I subscribed and paid for your paper in advance, I was under the impression that I was subscribing for a "sporting paper," and not (as I see by the present number) a low, party, mean, lying political paper. Your paper has always been highly prized by me for the sporting information it contained, but I have now turned it into the most contemptible of all papers, a political journal. I see it stated in the present number, that all the sporting men in New York have joined the Northern fanatics, and the sports gentlemanly sports of the South, are not behind them. The gallant Jim Nelligan, Andy Conover, and Bob Harris, of New York, have each of them organized companies, comprised of sporting gentlemen at the town expense. By attention to the above, you will greatly oblige a Southern sportsman. Man, GEORGE T. HARKY, Clinton, Birds Co., Miss.

[We shall continue to send the paper until the expiration of the time for which you have subscribed. We, at the North, do not repudiate our indebtedness, even to our enemies. We shall continue to stand up in defence of the American Union, even though every subscriber in the South should desert us. We have patriotic principles, (politics you may call them) and dare assert them. We regret that any "sporting man" should allow himself to be favorable to treason and rebellion. In the "democratic" city of New York, we are a unit in defence of the United States Government.—ED. CLIPPER.]

## BLOOD BOUNTY.

This is a most startling caption; and one can hardly realize it applicable to any civilized people or nation. The following section, however, is incorporated in an act just passed by the "Confederate States," authorizing Jeff. Davis to issue letters of Marque and Piracy.

"Sec. 10. That a bounty shall be paid by the Confederate States of \$20 for each person on board any armed vessel, belonging to the United States, at the commencement of an engagement, which shall be burnt, sunk or destroyed, by any vessel commissioned as aforesaid, which shall be of equal or inferior force, the same to be divided as in other cases of prize money—and a bounty of \$25 shall be paid to the owners, officers and crews of the private armed vessels, commissioned as aforesaid, for each and every prisoner taken and brought into port, and delivered to an agent authorized to receive them, in any port of the Confederate States."

Can a more revolting picture of the depravity of human nature be presented than the above? A blood bounty of \$20 and \$25, for every American citizen! Here is an inducement indeed, for human blood-bonds to trample the lives of our fellow-citizens, even as the Hudson Bay hunters hunt after the wild beasts of the forest; or, the Cannibal after human flesh to devour. What is the nature and the spirit of this blood bounty act? Is it anything less than an unexpressed intention to murder those whose lives may be considered peculiarly valuable to the "Federal Government" at this crisis in our National exigency? If any one act more than another is calculated to arouse Northern indignation into a perfect whirlwind of fury, it is this blood-bounty head money offered by the Southern "Confederacy" for each and every American made prisoner! Algerian Pirates never equalled it!

**PERSONAL.**—Mike Norton, Cy Shay, Theo. Allen, Tom Wallace, Billy O'Neill, Bob Johnson, Mike Holly, Jimmy Devore, and sixteen other well-known sports, are officers in Col. Kerrigan's Union Rangers.—Jimmy Gantz went off with the 23rd regiment: Fred May (Yaller) with the 71st.—Harry and Johnny Lazarus are reported to be very sick.—Phil Doherty has been unanimously elected Lieutenant of Company A, 75th regiment, Col. John H. McCune commanding. Shorty Wilson is high private in the same.—Jack Spencer started for Philadelphia on Tuesday last, so as to be near the enemy.—"Types" was up to Kingston reconnoitering last week, but he didn't capture anybody. He reports a wealthy merchant in Rhinebeck hung for treason.

"A MECHANIC'S MITE TO LIBERTY" is the unassuming title of a neatly printed little pamphlet of thirteen pages. The author, Thos. Denham, in his introductory page, says:—"Though too frail at present for arms, I would fain do something; here is my self-taught, unlettered offering. Will you take it?" It is rhythmical in its compilation, and breathes the full fire of pure patriotism. The author truly remarks that—

"Every cart that dips, sends on the boat:  
Little helps make Freedom's barge to float."

The price is only 12 cents, and can be had at Ross & Tousey's, 121 Nassau street.

**STAIRCASE COURSE, New Orleans,** from a training ground, &c. for horses, has been turned into a training ground for soldiers. Brigadier General Tracy is in command. Mr. Brigadier General, it strikes us that you had better kick the traces, get on another track, and make for Union Course, or else when the recorder makes up the sum mary for the decidedly wrong race you are on, the following ominous abbreviations will be placed against your name—pd. ft.

**MEMPHIS RACES** were nipped in the bud, only one day's sport having taken place, that being on Monday, the 29th ult. Soldiering seems to have taken the place of jockeying thereaway.

**THE MECHANICS' CRICKET CLUB,** of Philadelphia, will play its opening game on their grounds at Camden, N. J., on the 20th inst., when it is expected that they will have a good attendance and some good sport.

**ON THE TRACK.**—The Suffolk Race Track, a few miles from Philadelphia, is now occupied by Ohio troops.

## SPORTING IN CANADA.

**FROM OUR CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT.**  
DEAR CLIPPER: Since my last, we have inaugurated our summer sports, and everybody is practicing lacrosse, or cricket; while clubs are starting into life again, and everything seems fair for a great season of sporting in Canada. Old friends meet once more on the friendly play-ground, and new life pervades the feelings of every one.

Lacrosse bids fair to be the game of Montreal this coming summer; and no wonder, for it is a game that really has no equal. The number of Lacrosse clubs and their strength, prove how much it is thought of. I hope your Lacrosse Club in New York will get ahead, and not despair of being able to raise a splendid one in your city.

Why do not your clubs shoulder their cricket bats, and "go in" and make cricket balls of the heads of those dastardly rebels? Such warfare would be good practice for the batmen, and teach good manners to the batters!

H. R. H., The Prince of Wales—long may he live—has given a Cup to be run for every year by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and to be held by the winning yacht for one year, or as long as she can keep it against all comers.

The "Beaver Lacrosse Club" purpose celebrating the birthday of our gracious Queen by an excursion to St. Albans, where they will play lacrosse in the uniform they played in before the Prince of Wales and suite. The Beaver is very plucky in the way they take up such matters and carry them through.

Our Driving Club have made a new turn out, with some magnificent steeds, and they are quite an attraction as they fly along our streets.

Boating Clubs are purchasing outfits, and soon will be in trim for the current, when I expect to send you some good reports of them. General Williams, the President, who always heads the line, gives a great deal of his time to the club, and thus animates the members and keeps up the spirit.

In Upper and Lower Canada two Rifle Associations have been formed for the practice of rifle shooting. This has given an impetus to shooting that I hope will last. Every young man has a sense of hunting of some kind, and when a man's bad shot it spalls all the pleasure. These associations will doubtless tend to improve bad shots, and make good ones better.

The "good news" I mentioned in my last letter concerning the disciples of James Watson of Canada, has set many a man rigging up his fishing tackle, and preparing for a summer jaunt down the St. Lawrence. I expect many of Montreal's fairest maidens will spend a month or so down there; and, talking of the ladies fishing, brings to mind those lines of Walter.

"The ladies angling in the crystal lake,  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take,  
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

That's so, dear CLIPPER as you can probably testify to. Who is it cannot tell of many happy hours spent with fishing tackle and some dear fairy girl beside you; while your fish is struggling on your hook, and you regardless of it, busy pouring soft words into your fair one's ears? Who is it has not risen in the early morn and gone and fished for his breakfast? I hope all fishermen are not like Hood, who loved fishing, but didn't like the early rising. Hear his "Morning Thoughts":—

"No more, no more will I resign  
My couch so warm and soft,  
To trouble trout with hook and line,  
That will not spring aloft.  
With larks' appointments none may fix  
To greet the dawning skies,  
But hang the getting up at six,  
For fish that will not rise!"

Dear old Hood! how delightful are thy "thoughts," how full of wit, freshness and genuine humor!

But, perhaps, I'm becoming too poetical for your matter of sporting fact readers, so therefore I will cease such effusions, and give you readers a very few more facts. The Montreal Cricket Club, which visited New York last summer, has not yet begun practice, which I am very sorry to tell you; as their fair fame may receive some checks this summer if they don't keep up their wickets longer and oftener. I presume we will have another match between Canada and United States this summer. Mr. Pickering, the best player in the club, has left Montreal permanently, and in his absence the Montreal Club has sustained a serious loss. Here in the very middle of May, although the weather is delightful, many of our play-grounds are quite damp with the melted snow; and in many places you can still see the snow. But it will not last long now, and our youngsters are looking about for the deepest snow to make the last snowball of the season. In Montreal—and I suppose it is the same in every city—we have a great deal of difficulty in procuring play grounds. Buildings are beginning to usurp all our green fields, and sportsmen will soon have to travel to get suitable grounds to play on.

Montreal, May 10, 1861.

Yours, &c. OCEOLA.

**SKITTLES.**—A skittle match is to be played at Medley's Star of the West, in Eldridge street, between Kelly and Ward, of Coney Island, on Monday, the 20th inst., for \$25 a side, after which, Mr. Medley will offer a silver cup to be contested for, to fall to the lot of the best player. Skittles is an exciting sport, and a good game is well worth seeing.

**EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN,** it is said, has given \$5,000 towards the maintenance of the Federal Army.



be said, other than as reported in the rounds. Although taller McCooie, and longer in the reach, he seemed after the third round to depend more upon the tricks resorted to by many to avoid punishment, than upon science. His reputation as challenger of nan, Price, etc., evidently gave him an advantage over McCooie the first few rounds, but availed him but little after he commenced to shirk his punishment. As far as he is concerned, his lack of science and his conduct surprised his friends. His true, both in science seemed equally matched in the first two rounds, but after

TO THE WAR:—Two women, disguised in men's apparel, were covered attached to Col. Cook's Regiment in a company of Mattoon. The enterprising ladies were placed under guard, & returned to their homes.

A CLERICAL OPINION.—Parson Brownlow thus pronounces opinion of Jeff. LAYNE:—"A vile traitor, a trained rebel, an inflated bigot," and then delivers his verdict as follows, viz:—"as richly deserves to be hung as ever old John Brown did."

THE HALIFAX (N. S.) YACHT CLUB held a meeting on the 1st inst. and made the following choice of officers for the ensuing year: A. V. Paw, Esq., Commodore; Jno. Wallace, Esq., V. Com.; G. Brown, Esq., Capt.; and W. M. Gray, Esq., Sect. and Treas. The sailing committee for the past year was re-elected, and the committee increased from 10 to 13 members.

It will please you certain. Address, THOMAS ORMSBY,  
General Purchasing Agency, 86 Nassau street, New York.

---

**SCARCE BOOKS, &c**—Catalogues sent to any part  
the United States and Canada, free of charge. Address P.  
Box 10, Shirley Village, Mass. 5 11

THE HALIFAX (N. S.) YACHT CLUB held a meeting on the 1st inst. and made the following choice of officers for the ensuing year: A. V. Paw, Esq., Commodore; Jno. Wallace, Esq., V. Com.; G. Brown, Esq., Capt.; and W. M. Gray, Esq., Sect. and Treas. The sailing committee for the past year was re-elected, and the committee increased from 10 to 13 members.







## THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE NEW YORK VS PHILADELPHIA MATCH.

## LEONARD'S STATEMENT AND DEFENCE.

CHESS EDITOR CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: The base charges brought against your columns from time to time in that of the *Bulletin*, Philadelphia, and the cowardly attack made on me in the *Chest Monthly*, compel me reluctantly to give to the chess players of the United States a plain, unvarnished statement of the facts of my late unfinished and unfortunate chess match. I had hoped that the actors in that swindle would have seized a favorable opportunity to oblige me in their behalf. I do not hesitate to show to the world in their true light the men who, in their own estimation, constitute the vanguard of American Chess Players, and of whose chivalry we have heard so much.

Although New Yorkers had, by their champion's brilliant victory, given proof of their ability to furnish, over the board, a species of contest in which chance is no element, a higher standard of chess play than that of the Philadelphia players, they get desired to represent the Philadelphia players in the contest. For various reasons, the New Yorkers determined once again to "bear the lion in his den," and the meeting between Mr. Leonard and myself, on the 20th of March last, was the result. The terms of the match were as follows:—1st. The first winner of seven games to be declared victor in the match. 2d. The match to be for \$100 a side, \$35 being allowed Mr. L. for expenses in case he lost. 3d. The hours of play to be daily (Sundays excepted) from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., then adjourning, resume at 3 P. M., and play the game out before another adjournment. I wish to call the particular attention of your readers to these articles, as Mr. Wells, in a letter which can be produced at any moment, represented them to have been concocted in by Mr. Leonard and his second, Mr. Reichel. That particularly in regard to the hours for play has an important bearing on the whole after proceedings.

I went to Philadelphia accompanied by a person who had succeeded in gaining the good graces of the *habitués* of the "Morphy Chess Rooms," but whose real character was made apparent by his subsequent treachery and rascality. Mr. Wells introduced us at the club, and suggested an off-hand game between myself and Dr. Lewis. This game I lost, as also one with a Mr. Johnson. Mr. Wells, my second, was it seems very much gratified at this result, and at once communicated it to a friend in N. Y., winding up with the assertion that I was, at best, a second rate player, and he was confident Philadelphia could produce at least half a dozen superiors, and as many equals. This letter was three times publicly read in the "M. C. R." and at once excited contempt for the authors who had volunteered their services in my behalf. This accounts for the coolness of which he complains. He also says I refused to consult with him in matters pertaining to my own interest. I only saw my second's physiognomy for a few minutes in the morning, and perhaps, the same in the evening. It was evident from the first that he was not a man to be trusted. He was a poor sinner, wise he would not have hesitated to speak in such a derogatory way because, wearied and excited by travel, I had met defeat in a couple of games with players to whom I should, when in good play, be justified in offering heavy odds.

The first game of the match I scored, also the 3d and 4th, the 2d being drawn. If any of your readers ever had the misfortune to meet a slow and stupid player, he can appreciate the agony a poor sinner must undergo who is compelled to sit motionless for 64 minutes awaiting his adversary's move. Imagine the slowest player you ever met, and then ten times as slow, and then you will have a remote idea of Mr. Leonard's style of play. But I bore up under this until, as fate would have it, he whom I had brought with me to Philadelphia, proved to be a better player than I had anticipated, leaving me helpless and friendless in a strange city. This was too heavy a blow to withstand, and the consequence was I lost the 5th, 6th and 7th games in quick succession. At that time the score standing Dwight 3, Leonard 3, drawn 1, I proposed to my adversary the propriety of an adjournment of the match, on the ground that I was unable to stay in Philadelphia to finish it. Mr. Leonard was unwilling to consent to this, being doubtless impressed with the idea that owing to the easy work he had during the last three games his ultimate victory in the match was merely a matter of time. At the same time, on hearing my circumstances he generously offered to place at my disposal the means requisite to remain in Philadelphia and continue the match. This I accepted, and the games progressed to the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 695th, 696th, 697th, 698th, 699th, 700th, 701st, 702nd, 703rd, 704th, 705th, 706th, 707th, 708th, 709th, 710th, 711st, 712th, 713th, 714th, 715th, 716th, 717th, 718th, 719th, 720th, 721st, 722nd, 723rd, 724th, 725th, 726th, 727th, 728th, 729th, 730th, 731st, 732nd, 733rd, 734th, 735th, 736th, 737th, 738th, 739th, 740th, 741st, 742nd, 743rd, 744th, 745th, 746th, 747th, 748th, 749th, 750th, 751st, 752nd, 753rd, 754th, 755th, 756th, 757th, 758th, 759th, 760th, 761st, 762nd, 763rd, 764th, 765th, 766th, 767th, 768th, 769th, 770th, 771st, 772nd, 773rd, 774th, 775th, 776th, 777th, 778th, 779th, 780th, 781st, 782nd, 783rd, 784th, 785th, 786th, 787th, 788th, 789th, 790th, 791st, 792nd, 793rd, 794th, 795th, 796th, 797th, 798th, 799th, 800th, 801st, 802nd, 803rd, 804th, 805th, 806th, 807th, 808th, 809th, 810th, 811st, 812th, 813th, 814th, 815th, 816th, 817th, 818th, 819th, 820th, 821st, 822nd, 823rd, 824th, 825th, 826th, 827th, 828th, 829th, 830th, 831st, 832nd, 833rd, 834th, 835th, 836th, 837th, 838th, 839th, 840th, 841st, 842nd, 843rd, 844th, 845th, 846th, 847th, 848th, 849th, 850th, 851st, 852nd, 853rd, 854th, 855th, 856th, 857th, 858th, 859th, 860th, 861st, 862nd, 863rd, 864th, 865th, 866th, 867th, 868th, 869th, 870th, 871st, 872nd, 873rd, 874th, 875th, 876th, 877th, 878th, 879th, 880th, 881st, 882nd, 883rd, 884th, 885th, 886th, 887th, 888th, 889th, 890th, 891st, 892nd, 893rd, 894th, 895th, 896th, 897th, 898th, 899th, 900th, 901st, 902nd, 903rd, 904th, 905th, 906th, 907th, 908th, 909th, 910th, 911st, 912th, 913th, 914th, 915th, 916th, 917th, 918th, 919th, 920th, 921st, 922nd, 923rd, 924th, 925th, 926th, 927th, 928th, 929th, 930th, 931st, 932nd, 933rd, 934th, 935th, 936th, 937th, 938th, 939th, 940th, 941st, 942nd, 943rd, 944th, 945th, 946th, 947th, 948th, 949th, 950th, 951st, 952nd, 953rd, 954th, 955th, 956th, 957th, 958th, 959th, 960th, 961st, 962nd, 963rd, 964th, 965th, 966th, 967th, 968th, 969th, 970th, 971st, 972nd, 973rd, 974th, 975th, 976th, 977th, 978th, 979th, 980th, 981st, 982nd, 983rd, 984th, 985th, 986th, 987th, 988th, 989th, 990th, 991st, 992nd, 993rd, 994th, 995th, 996th, 997th, 998th, 999th, 1000th, 1001st, 1002nd, 1003rd, 1004th, 1005th, 1006th, 1007th, 1008th, 1009th, 1010th, 1011st, 1012th, 1013th, 1014th, 1015th, 1016th, 1017th, 1018th, 1019th, 1020th, 1021st, 1022nd, 1023rd, 1024th, 1025th, 1026th, 1027th, 1028th, 1029th, 1030th, 1031st, 1032nd, 1033rd, 1034th, 1035th, 1036th, 1037th, 1038th, 1039th, 1040th, 1041st, 1042nd, 1043rd, 1044th, 1045th, 1046th, 1047th, 1048th, 1049th, 1050th, 1051st, 1052nd, 1053rd, 1054th, 1055th, 1056th, 1057th, 1058th, 1059th, 1060th, 1061st, 1062nd, 1063rd, 1064th, 1065th, 1066th, 1067th, 1068th, 1069th, 1070th, 1071st, 1072nd, 1073rd, 1074th, 1075th, 1076th, 1077th, 1078th, 1079th, 1080th, 1081st, 1082nd, 1083rd, 1084th, 1085th, 1086th, 1087th, 1088th, 1089th, 1090th, 1091st, 1092nd, 1093rd, 1094th, 1095th, 1096th, 1097th, 1098th, 1099th, 1100th, 1101st, 1102nd, 1103rd, 1104th, 1105th, 1106th, 1107th, 1108th, 1109th, 1110th, 1111st, 1112th, 1113th, 1114th, 1115th, 1116th, 1117th, 1118th, 1119th, 1120th, 1121st, 1122nd, 1123rd, 1124th, 1125th, 1126th, 1127th, 1128th, 1129th, 1130th, 1131st, 1132nd, 1133rd, 1134th, 1135th, 1136th, 1137th, 1138th, 1139th, 1140th, 1141st, 1142nd, 1143rd, 1144th, 1145th, 1146th, 1147th, 1148th, 1149th, 1150th, 1151st, 1152nd, 1153rd, 1154th, 1155th, 1156th, 1157th, 1158th, 1159th, 1160th, 1161st, 1162nd, 1163rd, 1164th, 1165th, 1166th, 1167th, 1168th, 1169th, 1170th, 1171st, 1172nd, 1173rd, 1174th, 1175th, 1176th, 1177th, 1178th, 1179th, 1180th, 1181st, 1182nd, 1183rd, 1184th, 1185th, 1186th, 1187th, 1188th, 1189th, 1190th, 1191st, 1192nd, 1193rd, 1194th, 1195th, 1196th, 1197th, 1198th, 1199th, 1200th, 1201st, 1202nd, 1203rd, 1204th, 1205th, 1206th, 1207th, 1208th, 1209th, 1210th, 1211st, 1212nd, 1213th, 1214th, 1215th, 1216th, 1217th, 1218th, 1219th, 1220th, 1221st, 1222nd, 1223rd, 1224th, 1225th, 1226th, 1227th, 1228th, 1229th, 1230th, 1231st, 1232nd, 1233rd, 1234th, 1235th, 1236th, 1237th, 1238th, 1239th, 1240th, 1241st, 1242nd, 1243rd, 1244th, 1245th, 1246th, 1247th, 1248th, 1249th, 1250th, 1251st, 1252nd, 1253rd, 1254th, 1255th, 1256th, 1257th, 1258th, 1259th, 1260th, 1261st, 1262nd, 1263rd, 1264th, 1265th, 1266th, 1267th, 1268th, 1269th, 1270th, 1271st, 1272nd, 1273rd, 1274th, 1275th, 1276th, 1277th, 1278th, 1279th, 1280th, 1281st, 1282nd, 1283rd, 1284th, 1285th, 1286th, 1287th, 1288th, 1289th, 1290th, 1291st, 1292nd, 1293rd, 1294th, 1295th, 1296th, 1297th, 1298th, 1299th, 1300th, 1301st, 1302nd, 1303rd, 1304th, 1305th, 1306th, 1307th, 1308th, 1309th, 1310th, 1311st, 1312nd, 1313th, 1314th, 1315th, 1316th, 1317th, 1318th, 1319th, 1320th, 1321st, 1322nd, 1323rd, 1324th, 1325th, 1326th, 1327th, 1328th, 1329th, 1330th, 1331st, 1332nd, 1333rd, 1334th, 1335th, 1336th, 1337th, 1338th, 1339th, 1340th, 1341st, 1342nd, 1343rd, 1344th, 1345th, 1346th, 1347th, 1348th, 1349th, 1350th, 1351st, 1352nd, 1353rd, 1354th, 1355th, 1356th, 1357th, 1358th, 1359th, 1360th, 1361st, 1362nd, 1363rd, 1364th, 1365th, 1366th, 1367th, 1368th, 1369th, 1370th, 1371st, 1372nd, 1373rd, 1374th, 1375th, 1376th, 1377th, 1378th, 1379th, 1380th, 1381st, 1382nd, 1383rd, 1384th, 1385th, 1386th, 1387th, 1388th, 1389th, 1390th, 1391st, 1392nd, 1393rd, 1394th, 1395th, 1396th, 1397th, 1398th, 1399th, 1400th, 1401st, 1402nd, 1403rd, 1404th, 1405th, 1406th, 1407th, 1408th, 1409th, 1410th, 1411st, 1412nd, 1413th, 1414th, 1415th, 1416th, 1417th, 1418th, 1419th, 1420th, 1421st, 1422nd, 1423rd, 1424th, 1425th, 1426th, 1427th, 1428th, 1429th, 1430th, 1431st, 1432nd, 1433rd, 1434th, 1435th, 1436th, 1437th, 1438th, 1439th, 1440th, 1441st, 1442nd, 1443rd, 1444th, 1445th, 1446th, 1447th, 1448th, 1449th, 1450th, 1451st, 1452nd, 1453rd, 1454th, 1455th, 1456th, 1457th, 1458th, 1459th, 1460th, 1461st, 1462nd, 1463rd, 1464th, 1465th, 1466th, 1467th, 1468th, 1469th, 1470th, 1471st, 1472nd, 1473rd, 1474th, 1475th, 1476th, 1477th, 1478th, 1479th, 1480th, 1481st, 1482nd, 1483rd, 1484th, 1485th, 1486th, 1487th, 1488th, 1489th, 1490th, 1491st, 1492nd, 1493rd, 1494th, 1495th, 1496th, 1497th, 1498th, 1499th, 1500th, 1501st, 1502nd, 1503rd, 1504th, 1505th, 1506th, 1507th, 1508th, 1509th, 1510th, 1511st, 1512nd, 1513th, 1514th, 1515th, 1516th, 1517th, 1518th, 1519th, 1520th, 1521st, 1522nd, 1523rd, 1524th, 1525th, 1526th, 1527th, 1528th, 1529th, 1530th, 1531st, 1532nd, 1533rd, 1534th, 1535th, 1536th, 1537th, 1538th, 1539th, 1540th, 1541st, 1542nd, 1543rd, 1544th, 1545th, 1546th, 1547th, 1548th, 1549th, 1550th, 1551st, 1552nd, 1553rd, 1554th, 1555th, 1556th, 1557th, 1558th, 1559th, 1560th, 1561st, 1562nd, 1563rd, 1564th, 1565th, 1566th, 1567th, 1568th, 1569th, 1570th, 1571st, 1572nd, 1573rd, 1574th, 1575th, 1576th, 1577th, 1578th, 1579th, 1580th, 1581st, 1582nd, 1583rd, 1584th, 1585th, 1586th, 1587th, 1588th, 1589th, 1590th, 1591st, 1592nd, 1593rd, 1594th, 1595th, 1596th, 1597th, 1598th, 1599th, 1600th, 1601st, 1602nd, 1603rd, 1604th, 1605th, 1606th, 1607th, 1608th, 1609th, 1610th, 1611st, 1612nd, 1613th, 1614th, 1615th, 1616th, 1617th, 1618th, 1619th, 1620th, 1621st, 1622nd, 1623rd, 1624th, 1625th, 1626th, 1627th, 1628th, 1629th, 1630th, 1631st, 1632nd, 1633rd, 1634th, 1635th, 1636th, 1637th, 1638th, 1639th, 1640th, 1641st, 1642nd, 1643rd, 1644th, 1645th, 1646th, 1647th, 1648th, 1649th, 1650th, 1651st, 1652nd, 1653rd, 1654th, 1655th, 1656th, 1657th, 1658th, 1659th, 1660th, 1661st, 1662nd, 1663rd, 1664th, 1665th, 1666th, 1667th, 1668th, 1669th, 1670th, 1671st, 1672nd, 1673rd, 1674th, 1675th, 1676th, 1677th, 1678th, 1679th, 1680th, 1681st, 1682nd, 1683rd, 1684th, 1685th, 1686th, 1687th, 1688th, 1689th, 1690th, 1691st, 1692nd, 1693rd, 1694th, 1695th, 1696th, 1697th, 1698th, 1699th, 1700th, 1701st, 1702nd, 1703rd, 1704th, 1705th, 1706th, 1707th, 1708th, 1709th, 1710th, 1711st, 1712nd, 1713th, 1714th, 1715th, 1716th, 1717th, 1718th, 1719th, 1720th, 1721st, 1722nd, 1723rd, 1724th, 1725th, 1726th, 1727th, 1728th, 1729th, 1730th, 1731st, 1732nd, 1733rd, 1734th, 1735th



## THEATRICAL RECORD.

Reviews, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

## BILL POSTER UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:  
 Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m  
 Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North Street, basement. 30-9m  
 Albany, N. Y., J. B. Smith, Morning Times Office. 30-9m  
 Troy, N. Y., A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m  
 Boston, Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams Court. 44-3m

## BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.  
 NEIL and DAN BRYANT, Managers. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

DAN BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT, AINSLEY COOK,  
 F. B. RAAS, N. W. GUILD, J. H. SIVORI,  
 W. L. BOHRS, G. D. CONNORS, G. S. FOWLER,  
 W. J. ADAMS, J. H. HILTON, OLD DAN EMMETT,  
 E. J. PEELE, T. NORTON.

And JAPANESE TOMMY, Or, "WHAT IS IT?"  
 In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c.  
 The first to introduce the following popular acts:—  
 Essence of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's, The Three Hunters, The Garrotters, Dural MacDill Darroll's, Miss Isidore Fling, Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Conter, whose Heel Dat Burnin', Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.  
 Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 34

## MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL &amp; TROWBRIDGE'S

OPERA HOUSE, (Late Ordway Hall.)  
 BOSTON.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,  
 For the representation of  
 ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.

In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only  
 MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,  
 THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITES.

Consisting of the following first class talent.

R. BOWERS, J. S. GILBERT,  
 A. A. THAYER, R. SANIS, D. J. MAGINNIS,  
 E. W. PRESCOTT, M. GETTINGS,  
 R. M. CARROLL, J. C. TROWBRIDGE,  
 CARL TROUTMAN, JOHNNY PELL,  
 AUGUST SCHNEIDER, BILLY MORRIS,  
 J. P. ENDRES, LON MORRIS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.

LON MORRIS, Manager.

## BOOLEY &amp; CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.  
 R. M. BOOLEY, R. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.

N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

## LOOK AT THE COMPANY.

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.  
 R. M. BOOLEY, R. C. CAMPBELL, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,  
 JOHNNY DULY, BEN COYNE, J. C. REEVES,  
 E. J. MELVILLE, R. RUTIG, CHARLES WERNIG,  
 J. H. SCHMITZ, W. H. SIMMONS.

For particulars see Programmes and Posters.

J. C. FABB, Agent.

## THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.

SYLVESTER BLEEKER, Proprietor and Manager.

FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELRY,

161 and 668 Broadway, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th,

with an entirely new SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES,

COMIC ACTS AND PIECES, Illustrative of

SLAVE SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY.

ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, the St. Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and most comfortable Theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be for rent for Opera, Concerts, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY ROSENSTEIN, Publisher, Anzeiger des Westens, and License of St. Louis Opera House.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 18, 1861. 40-3m

NOTICE TO THE MINSTREL PROFESSION—I have on hand a few bound volumes of BRYANT'S PROGRAMME AND SONG BOOK for 1859 and 1860; also one hundred volumes for 1860 and 1861. These volumes contain all the words of the songs sung by Bryant's Minstrels, with the entire programme complete, for one year. They are substantially bound. Will send to any part of the United States the two volumes complete on the receipt of \$3. postage prepaid, or single volumes \$2. Address: D. G. WINANS, N. Y.

Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, N. Y.

MANIAD—Seventy five first class performers.

ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,

COMIC SINGERS,

DANCEUSES,

VOCALISTS,

GYMNASTS,

FIFTY YOUNG LADIES FOR THE BALLET

None but those of acknowledged talent need apply. Address by letter, stating salary,

ROBERT W. BUTLER, 444 Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,

THE GREAT SENSATION ACTRESS,

Is playing a most brilliant engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The Press of that city pronounces her the most charming actress of the age. Adah has received equal notices from

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,

THE FRENCH SPY,

JENNIE DIVER,

FEMALE HUGANER,

THREE FINE WOMEN,

COURT AND COUNTRY,

DICK THE NEWSBOY,

SMILE,

WIZARD SKIFF,

FEMALE GAMBLER, &c., &c.

Combined with popular and original farces.

Letters to Miss MENKEN will be forwarded from this office. 2-4

RETURN FROM THE EAST.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

At Bangor, May 24, 3d, and 4th; Portland, 6th; Portsmouth, 7th; Manchester, 8th; Nashua, 9th; Fitchburg, 10th and 11th; Worcester, 12th; Providence, 14th and 15th; New London, 16th; Norwich, 17th; Wilmamette, 18th; Hartford, 19th; Middletown, 21st and 22d; Meriden, 23d; Waterbury, 24th; Binghamton, 25th; Bridgeport, 27th.

ENTIRE NEW PROGRAMME

Illustrated and embellished by the Champions of Minstrelsy.

SAM SHARPLEY, Manager. 3-31

WM. H. DAVIS, Agent.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. T. MAGUIRE.

Stage Manager, MR. J. DOWLING. Treasurer, MR. H. HAND.

Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.

Prices of Admission:

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, One Dollar.

Parquet, 50 Cents; Gallery, 25 Cents. 3-17

MRS. MAGUIRE, of the San Francisco Opera House, is now in this city, for the purpose of engaging talent for the next season. First class Stars, and others of unclouded reputation in the profession, will be treated with on addressing Mrs. MAGUIRE, care of New York

Clerks. 3-17

MR. THOMAS BAKER begs to announce that his annual benefit will take place at Laura Keane's Theatre, on Wednesday evening, May 15th, when the celebrated burlesque of the Seven Sisters will be performed, with the whole of the music composed and arranged by him. The Orchestra will also play his Union Overture, introducing all the National Airs (received nightly with enthusiastic applause). A new operatic selection from "Robert le Diable," and a piece from "Wallace's opera of 'Lorraine,' with solos for Flute, Clarinet, Flageolet, Cornet, &c.

5-17

TO MAGICIANS AND OTHERS—A gentleman having a fine Magician's Apparatus, just imported from Europe for private use, wishes to dispose of it. The articles were all made by Volini, of Paris; in perfect order, and comprising some thirty of his best tricks. Among which is the Shower of Gold, Crystal Casket, and Ball, with Mechanical Table, having trapezoid and pedal; also, a Magician's pistol. Will be sold for \$250, not half their present value. Enquire of T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau st., between 11 and 12 A. M. 5-17

## BURTON'S VARIETIES, BROOKLYN.

Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.

ISAAC BURTON, Proprietor.

B. L. PACKARD, Treasurer.

W. BORSELLI, Manager.

NEW CASES! NEW CASES! EVERYTHING NEW!!!

We still adhere to the old motto—

FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.

New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 2-17

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

The Most Popular and Talented Troupe, the most carefully selected Company of

ETHIOPIANS, MUSICIANS, AND VOCALISTS.

The world has ever produced, whose musical talents and true representations of Negro Life have made them the theme and admiration of the entire American Continent, and throughout the Island of Cuba.

LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1861.

H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,

HARRY LEHR, WM. BLAKENY,

W. T. EMMISON, J. H. KELLOGG,

M. LEWIS, S. MANNING,

J. W. ADAMS, RUDOLPH HALL,

LITTLE BOBBY, W. L. REEVES,

J. BURNESSE, C. ELMORE,

B. BRAHAM.

Each selected for their individual excellence and unequalled talent.

2-17 HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

444 BROADWAY. 444 444

THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.

Exhibiting the largest Troupes in the production of Novelties.

The following talented performers will appear every evening:—

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,

CHARLEY WHITE, J. H. BUDWORTH,



**GREAT PIGEON ROOST**—There is said to be a pigeon roost in Maquoketa timber in Jackson county, thirty miles long, and more than a mile wide. Sportsmen are making sad havoc among the birds, as this is the "setting season."



## THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BEING A RECORD OF

## WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES.

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY SIX.

Tom Harris, the Milling Waterman.

According to the assertion of one of our most celebrated poets, that

Many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!

the above lines may be applied to Harris, in the fighting world, with some effect; the west end of the town, it might almost be urged, was completely unknown to Harris; he sought no acquaintance with the Swells, and contented himself with milling to please the east enders. Although a stranger to the Corinthians, he was a milling star amongst the gay lighter-men, the flash blades of the oar, and the kill bulls in the neighborhoods of Bermondsey, Wapping, below bridge, &c. and upon both sides of the water, Tom Harris was well known as a scientific boxer, and a game, active, honest fellow. A safe man to back upon most occasions—in truth, Harris was a favorite at the east end; and the John Bull Fighter, and the Sage of the East always pronounced him nothing else but a "good one," belonging to the light weights. Harris had fought numerous battles; but as he was a quiet sort of fellow, and did not court popularity amongst the great supporters of the P. R. many of them were never reported. In October, Monday 15, 1821, he was matched against Page, also a Knight of the Oar, for twenty guineas a side, minute time. The east end part of the Fancy, determined as it were, to have a mill of their own, and so snugly was it conducted, that the lads and swells in the west were so much at fault respecting the right scent, that numerous amateurs arrived too late to witness a single round. The ring was formed contiguous to the Chequers Inn, and within twenty yards of old Father Thames. It was a most picturesque situation for delightful scenery, and heightened by numerous vessels passing and re-passing in full sail; it had an interesting effect. The yards of the vessels that were near the shore were crowded with sailors, anxious to get a peep at the fighting heroes, and join in the animated shouts which were heard from the Amateurs round the ring. Harris was about ten stone five pounds. Page, the brave Knight of the Oar, fancied, as did his friends, that he could fight a little. Harris was attended by Josh Hudson and Bishop Sharpe; and Page was seconded by the two Burkes, of Woolwich. In detailing the rounds the amateurs would feel no particular interest; suffice it to observe, that it occupied forty-five minutes, and twenty-seven rounds were fought. Harris, on setting to, took the lead in such prime style, that after the first round, it was 2 and 3 to 1 in his favor; and he won it without a scratch upon his face, except a slight touch upon his mouth; while on the contrary, Page was so terribly punished, that he was led out of the ring in a most exhausted state, and immediately put to bed.

Harris, determined to enjoy a tiny bit of life, toddled down to Epsom in the year 1822; and at the conclusion of the Races, a subscription purse being offered for a mill by the swells, Tom, who was upon the look-out for the blint, immediately threw up his castor, saying, "I am ready for anybody near the mark as a fighting man, but I will have a shy with a countryman of any weight." Youna, a strong Sheeny, and who had also proved himself rather troublesome to the brave Ned Turner for a short period, likewise threw up his title, asserting, "De monish would be very acceptable." The matter being now arranged in the most friendly manner, a ring was made, the boxers peeled, and the fight commenced without delay. Harris was seconded by Harry Holt and Sutton (the black); and Youna by Josh Hudson and Ned Turner. It was a capital mill; but the superior science of Harris enabled him to take the lead; he also kept it, and turned his opponent into a receiver general; but, nevertheless, Youna behaved very gallantly; took punishment for a long time as if nothing had been the matter until he was completely exhausted. In thirty-five minutes Harris was pronounced the conqueror.

At Epsom races the following year, the company, for rank and fashion, for pedigree and blood, were of the right sort, and more than usually numerous, to witness the running for "the Oaks," on Thursday, June 5, 1823. The racing was disposed of according to the usual routine but a finish was wanting to conclude the sports of the day. Repeated inquiries, or rather whispers, occurred during the afternoon, "If any thing was to take place?" Fishwick's booth was the attraction for all sporting people—here the Commissary General (Bill Gibbons), and his elegant and eloquent pal, Harry Holt, took their peck and "daffy." Spring, in order to give a fashion to the thing, paid us early visit to the veteran Commissary, and took his elder out of compliment to Herefordshire. The John Bell miller, quite in character, grumbled and bubbled also at Fishwick's; Randall looked in to have a whiff; Crawley, Ward, Deaf Davis, Neal, Brown, Scroggins, Gadzees, and Oliver, like "birds of a feather," also joined the standard to take the dust off their chaffers, and Cy. Davis, scorning to pass such a collection of "good ones," likewise showed himself, and ready to partake of the refreshment offered to him. Time was called; and a roped ring was made under the stands, to have a comfortable situation in which the Amateurs stood half a bull. Several elegantly dressed females were peeping from barouches, &c. A subscription purse of £10 was collected, when Harris, attended by his seconds, Hudson and Neal, threw up his hat. Youna, followed by Ward and Morris, (a fine young man who defeated Gylbette), repeated the token of defiance.

Harris was well known to the Prize Ring as a boxer of talent; and Youna no stranger to the Amateurs. The latter proved himself a very troublesome customer to Ned Turner in the best part of his day; and Youna has also had a shy with Jack Randall. Harris defeated Youna on the same turf previously; but the Jew being considered in better condition at the present period, and Harris rather out of order, Youna was thought to have a good chance, 5 to 4 on Harris.

Round 1. On stripping, the Jew looked well and formidable. The mag of Harris showed symptoms of bad condition, but his frame displayed some good milling points. Youna endeavored to tip it to his adversary, but Harris was too leary to nap. Considerable science was shown on both sides, and it was a long round. In closing, both down. The spectators were now alive to the scene before them, and very liberal in their shouts of approbation.

2 The Jew made play and had none the worst of it. Some rumbling was given and taken on both sides; but the Jew, in endeavoring to stop a hit, slipped down.

3 Harris came to the scene with his mouth bleeding, and the Jew tried to smother him, but Harris caught him on the side of the nob, when Youna staggered, staggered, and staggered, till he fell down. "That's the time of day, I believe," said Josh. "We'll soon show them what o'clock it is!"

4 The Jew cautious, and Harris equally on his guard. This was altogether a good round; and the lovers of milling expressed themselves highly gratified. In closing, Harris threw Youna. Great shouting.

5 A pause. Youna got away from the bow. Harris very soon put a tremendous hit under the Jew's right eye, and the claret followed in streams. Youna looked as fierce and angry as a turkey-cock, and endeavored to return the compliment, but he missed. Harris touched him not very gently on the other side of his pimple. In closing, both down. 2 to 1 on Harris.

6 The Jew made several good stops. In closing at the ropes, the Jew, while in the act of going down, planted a blow on Harris' nose that produced the pink. Both out of the ring. Great applause; and "This is a capital fight!" from all parts of the ring.

7 Counter hits. Jack as good as his master and both of their nobs poked the better for it. Youna threw Harris heavily. "Go along, Youna, Duke's place will be all right now!"

8 This was a short but a fine round, and in favor of Youna. "The Jew must win now," was the cry. "He's too strong for Harris."

9 Some excellent exchanges took place; but Harris obtained the turn, and the Jew was thrown.

10 Harris showed great distress and was very cautious in making play. The Jew skilfully stopped another tremendous well meant hit. In going down, Youna was undermost.

11 The Jew showed a great deal of brav'ry natted with science but his opponent was the best fighter. Youna got a mugger that

gave his upper-works a sort of electrical movement. "Why, look," said Josh, "you have turned his head into a top; see how it spins!" Harris tried to repeat the dose, but the Jew parried him in great style. Youna, in getting away from a blow, slipped down.

12 This was a most severe round. Youna had made up his mind to do something, but Harris balked his intention. The latter also put in a terrific hit under Youna's right peeper that made him stagger, and he was all abroad for the instant. "The Doctor, I'll lay a guinea," said Hudson, "could not have found out an old place so soon, or bleed a man more freely!" A long pause. The attitudes of the men were extremely fine, standing toe to toe, both making themselves up for mischief. In closing, the Jew got Harris down. "Well done, Youna. The Jew is sure to win it now!" accompanied with loud roars of approbation.

13 This was likewise a desperate round. Harris gave the Jew a bodier that shortened his length; however, Youna soon recovered, and came up to fight like a man. The Jew got away well, but in some heavy exchanges, Youna at length took the lead. He nobbed Harris severely all over the ring; in fact, the punishment was so sharp, that Harris, in a state of distress, turned away. In closing, both down, and Harris undermost.

14 Equally good. Harris took great liberties with his adversary's head. "That's the way, my boy," said Hudson, "you have plenty of time to show the Amateurs lots of sport; remember that you have been in gentlemanly sort of way before the ladies—God bless them! I never saw from many lovely creatures at a mill before. But who does not love true courage? Therefore, as my old dad, Tom Owen, says, 'be scientific—be polite.'" Youna put in a severe body blow. Good counter hits. In closing, Harris down. Great shouting from all parts of the ring. "Talk of racing," observed a hero of the first rank in life, "What's the Derby or Oaks compared to an east-end mill like this? 'Here they come,' or 'there they go,' is the extent of the treat or remarks; but the scene now before us, cut and come again to the end of the chapter; the beauty and action of the muscles would make even an Abernethy forget for the moment all his precise rules of regimen."

15 Counter hits. The Jew was getting weak, and, to make the matter worse, he received some sharp hits. He was down, 8 to 1. 16 and last. The Jew was fighting round indeed! Hit for hit all over the ring; and back again. Greater courage, or more manliness, was never seen in any round by the best fighters on the list. Both quite exhausted. In closing, Harris went down, and was undermost. We never heard greater shouting or more applause at any battle. When time was called, the Jew laying on the ground, observed, he had received a hurt on a private place, which prevented him fighting any more. It was over in thirty-three minutes.

## REMARKS.

Harris, during his career, only wanted a swell patron to give him a high place among the light weights. The Jew was nothing else but a good man.

THE BULL FIGHTER'S WIDOW,  
AND THE LITTLE BLACK SKIFFER.

SAID I: "Harry, where did you get that slipper?"

SAID HE: James, this is the tale:—

"If anything will alleviate the little miseries of a two days' diligence journey, it is having as pretty, good-natured, and cosmopolitan a little widow for your travelling companion as I had from Cordova, on the Guadalquivir, to Madrid, on the Manzanares. Tumbling into the interior of a diligence at two o'clock of a June morning, after a few hours spent in a vain attempt to sleep, rendered vain by a legion of those *trouillards du diable*, long-horned mosquitoes, 'one is by no means as serene in temper as one should be. The writer was savage that morning; and not until the *mayoral* (conductor) had brought a light to see if the passengers were all properly packed in, revealing the cheerful little face of a pretty woman opposite to him, did his good nature shine out as a patent reflector, and dissipate the fog of discontent."

"A long journey before us; let us make ourselves comfortable," said the lady; the departing *mayoral* with a light just enabled me to see that there was a smile on her face. Then there was a shaking of black silk skirts, *Gracias a Dios!* there were no steel or whalebone petticoats on her blessed form, two little feet sought refuge on my side; two good-sized ones searched for an asylum on her side the diligence; and behold, we were disposed to be friends for life. I don't know whether Tupper, in his 'Proverbial Philosophy,' mentions under the head of 'Friendship' that it is 'a travelling shawl,' but in his next edition he'd better do it, you know, because it is! At least this morning, when I spread mine over my legs, and extended the courtesy to the limbs (*Lingua Americana*) of the fair widow, she accepted the woolen with a kind acknowledgment that made me feel blessedly pleased with myself and with her. The bells of the eight mules pulling the diligence were jingling; the postillion on the right leader had settled himself in his saddle; the *arriero* had hold of the reins; the *mayoral* jumped into his seat in the Imperial; and the zagal, holding his calanes tight on his head, sprang out of the door of the diligence office, uttering fearful yells and cracking his whip with the ferocity of a mad monkey; when crank, bang, slide, slip, and we were launched on our journey to Madrid.

"I went to sleep, and had a pleasant dream of a cherubim, the kind that flew around Noah when he was building the ark, and had no legs! and having a dear pair of gaiter boots for wings; while I had for a companion another aeronaut with large black eyes, *apropos* of which—

"I never loved a dear gazelle,  
And gazed upon its soft black eyes,  
But what it uttered I did not heed,  
A damsel heaving gentle sighs—"

who was all thys and thous. In addition to black eyes, she had black hair and a travelling shawl, and she had feet, and both the tiny little ones were somehow thrust into the pockets of my shooting coat, and—I woke up, and found that there were a pair of little high-heeled black slippers, with white stockings attached, resting on the cushion by my side. You may talk about dream books, and explanations of dreams, but such bona fide realizations please me most; and I looked down at them and determined they should be mine, if I had to go a hand on them—matrimonially, of course, *a la mode*. 'I'd offer thee this hand of mine,' with piano accompaniment.

"But she woke up, and as the sun was now shining brightly, she saw me regarding those leather mice, whereupon she at once hid them, not by rudely withdrawing them, but by cuddling them up under one end of the travelling shawl, which end was in close proximity with my pantaloon pocket. Now, reader, fancy my feelings nursing a pair of twins like those, belonging to a very pretty woman—moreover a widow.

"'Buenos dias, Senor!' It was cheerfully, pleasantly spoken, and with such a winning smile, and the dark eyes beamed so softly under the long black eyelashes, that it elicited all the writer's stock of amiability in return. It came out in conversation, that the lady was from Seville, was a widow, and her first name was Juanita (*tal y tal*, or So-and-So), and as I had passed many pleasant days in Seville, and bore away gay souvenirs of 'The Marvel,' we were soon in earnest conversation about its wonders and beauties. She was charmingly *naive* in conversation, and showed in every remark, what is an exception with Spanish ladies, an intelligent and animated disposition. At Bailen, where we dined, I lost my heart when I handed her from the diligence—besides, she faintly pressed my hand with her gloved hand, and showed me those feet!"

"There is no use doing things in a hurry, so I determined, as we were yet thirty-six hours from Madrid, to wait until we were within three hours of the city before I formally proposed for her heart, hand, and high-heeled shoes. *Ay, que gusto, que placer!*

"Again was the old diligence *en route*; again the shades of night were on us, and cool air brought out the travelling shawl; and again a joint partnership was entered into between Juanita and me. Somewhere, near Las Navas de Tolosa, the diligence gave a fearful lurch, and Juanita was pitched nearly into my arms; seems to me she must have assisted the shock, else how, in all the darkness of night—for it must have been nearly 10 o'clock, and raining—could I have kissed her and taken charge of her for nearly a minute, while the diligence was coming to time?"

"QUIEN SABE!  
That's the way to get over the difficulty in Spain; in Italy with a

or to hunt up to the headquarters in Arabic:  
"MA ABIR!"

If you want it at home:  
"WHO KNOWS!"

That was a rose-colored rainy night—the diligence pitched several times with equal success.

"I made up my mind to turn Spaniard, buy one of those velvet tiles, a black lamb-skin jacket, knee-breeches, pounds of silver waistcoat and coat buttons, leather gaiters with long leather fringe; learn to roll *cigarillos* and become a *cigarrita*; go twice a week to the *Circo Gallico*, where roosters do combat; bet my *duros* on the winning *gallo* (not gal oh! but on the contrary); attend every bull fight, and mass once a week to keep my hand in; dance the *bolero*; drink *aguardiente* very cautiously; shoot red-legged partridges all the year round, and, to sum up, come out strong as a full-blooded *majo*; either this, or edit a paper in Madrid, *progresista*."

"Again the morning broke, and up came the sun, illuminating our breakfast at Valdepenas, where the wine comes from, at least the baptismal name of table-wine half over Spain. I determined to edit a paper in Madrid, *progresista*!"

"The day wheeled by until we arrived at Tembleque, where our diligence was wheeled on to a railroad car, and we were to make the fifteen leagues between there and Madrid with great diligence by steam. Tembleque means a diamond pin; it sticks me with pain when I think of it, for there, yes there! Juanita was lost to me (as a wife) forever."

"At Tembleque, while taking a hurried lunch, I saw a bill announcing a bull fight to come off in Madrid next day, and was glad to be able to enjoy this amusement once more; on my return to the diligence, I communicated to the widow the interesting fact."

"O *jala!* said she, 'how I do love bull fights! And to see Cuchares with the *capa* in one hand and the sword in the other, *Heeooos!* he is *spada*; but you should have seen Juan (pronounced Whan), he always killed first blow. *Ay Caramba!* there was a man for you—and such clothes and such legs—poor soul! that last black bull from the mountains was too much for him—too much, too much!' and here the widow paid a tribute of two tears to his memory, and flourished her little hands and white cambric disconsolately."

"This Juan did not please me, although he had succumbed to the bull, and was gone where good bull fighters go; the tribute to his memory made me a little slightly jealous. But concealing my feelings, I asked as unconcernedly as possible, 'well, who was Juan?'"

"Juan?" replied the dear widow, 'Juan?' why he was my husband!"

"Farewell orange flower wreaths, white lace veils, and so on—farewell ideas matrimonial. I, Harry Buttons de Buttonville, marry a bull fighter's widow! By the shadow of my respectability, never!"

"Juanita, I never can be thine!" said I, in a burst of feeling.

"Ay *Caramba!* but you will see me home in a carriage when I arrive at Madrid, won't you?" asked the widow.

"I did—and she gave me the slipper."

SWIMMING.—It is to be regretted that swimming is not so much practised in the present day as it was formerly; it is an exercise of great antiquity, and no doubt familiar, at all times, to inhabitants of this country. The heroes of the middle ages prided themselves on their skill in swimming, and we frequently find them praised for it. It is said of Olaf Fryggesson, a king of Norway, that he had no equal in this art. A modern author, describing the requisites of a complete gentleman, mentions swimming as one.

We should say that its acquisition should be sought by every man, not only on account of its being a fine and manly recreation, conducive both to health and cleanliness, but from its utility. It should be acquired when young, or a man rarely makes a good swimmer. Boys are very often taught to swim with bundles of bull-rushes, or where these cannot be procured, with corks. The following extract from Dr. Franklin will not be unacceptable to the novice:—"Choose a place where the water deepens gradually; walk coolly into it till it is up to your breast; then, turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water between you and the shore. It will sink to the bottom, and be easily seen there, if your water is clear. It must lie in water so deep as that you cannot reach it but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in order to do this, reflect that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water, and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above water; then plunge under it with your eyes open, throwing yourself towards the egg, and endeavoring, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward till within reach of it. In the attempt you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy to sink as you imagine; that you cannot, but by active force, get down to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power; while your endeavors to overcome it, and reach the egg, teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterwards used in swimming to support your head higher above the water, or to go forward through it. If a person unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take a natural position, he might continue long safe from drowning, till perhaps help would come. For, as to the clothes, their additional weight, when immersed, is very inconsiderable, the water supporting it, though when he comes out of the water he would find them very heavy indeed. But I would not advise any one to depend on having the presence of mind on such an occasion, but learn fairly to swim, as I wish all men were taught to do in their youth; they would on many occasions be the safer for having that skill, and, on many more, the happier, as freer from painful apprehensions of danger, to say nothing of the enjoyment in so delightful and wholesome an exercise."

WRESTLING.—The art of wrestling was highly esteemed by the ancients, and made a considerable figure among the Olympic games. It was, in the ages of chivalry, considered one of the accomplishments requisite for a hero.

The inhabitants of Cornwall and Devon have ever been celebrated for their expertise in this art, and are still acknowledged to be the best wrestlers in the kingdom. Our London citizens, before the introduction of late and long dinners were famed for their prowess, and annually, upon St. James' day (25th July), held a grand meeting for trials of skill; and about the 24th August, devoted many days to this and other exercise: the lord mayor, the aldermen, and sheriffs, attended to witness these latter sports, in a large tent pitched for their convenience.

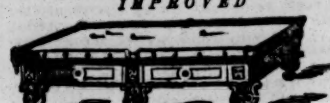
In 1617, James I. issued a proclamation to allow and encourage, after divine service, all kinds of lawful games and exercises; and by his authority, he endeavored to give sanction to a practice which his subjects regarded as the utmost instance of profaneness and impiety. They carried their displeasure so far, that the mayor even stopped the royal carriages as they were driving through the city in the time of public worship. James, when informed of it, swore, "he thought there had been no more kings in England than himself," and sent his warrant for their passage.

In Barry's picture of "A Grecian Harvest-home," two figures are represented engaging in this sport, while an attentive throng are observing their exertions, and anxiously waiting the result.

This measure originated in James' having observed, in his progress through England, that a judicial observance of the Sunday, chiefly by means of the Puritans, was every day gaining ground throughout the kingdom, and that the people, under color of religion, were, contrary to former practice, barred such sports and recreations as contributed both to their health and their amusement.

AN INFANTILE DOG FANCY.—A bright baby, just beginning to talk, was very observant of all that passed around her. She saw a gentleman with a dog enter a house on the opposite side of the street. He shut the door and left the dog without, who, by various canine movements of scratching and whining, manifested painful impatience. Moved by his desolation and complaining, she thrust her small face through the bars of her nursery window, and cried in a clear, earnest tone, "Ing a bell, doggie! Ing a bell!"

"GONE TO THUNDER."—A carpenter who had always been prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building. He slipped, and while descending towards the eaves, said—"Just as I always told you!" Catching hold of the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes, and, saving himself, said—"I knowed it, there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"

MICHAEL PHELAN'S  
IMPROVED

## BILLIARD TABLES

## COMBINATION CUSHIONS

Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1856, Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1859.

The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table.

Salesroom, Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway, New York.

Manufactory, Nos. 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,  
Sole Manufacturers.

## PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards."

4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.  
PHELAN & COLLENDER,  
63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

## E X T R A !

BOOKS  
BOOKS  
BOOKS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE.  
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.  
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.

DO YOU WISH ANYTHING FROM NEW YORK?  
IF YOU DO,  
YOU CAN HAVE ANY BOOK YOU SEE ADVERTISED SENT TO  
YOUR ADDRESS, POST PAID, BY REMITTING THE  
PRICE IN CASH OR STAMPS.

You can have any article you wish that cannot be obtained in the  
city or town where you reside, sent to your address lower than you  
could buy it yourself.

## THE OLD ESTABLISHED

THOMAS ORMSBY'S  
COMMISSION BUREAU AND  
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 86 Nassau street, New York.

BOOKS, CARDS, PLAYING CARDS, PRINTS, CHEAP PUBLICA-

TIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, FOLDS,  
SPORTING ARTICLES,  
and

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Purchased and forwarded to any part of the United States or Can-  
adas, at the lowest rates. Catalogues sent free. References given  
when required. Any information promptly transmitted without  
charge.

Send for a Catalogue,  
Send for a Catalogue,  
Send for a Catalogue,

and address  
and address  
and address

THOMAS ORMSBY,  
General Purchasing Agent,

86 Nassau street, New York.

P. S.—All books formerly advertised in this paper sent as usual.

## BOOKS, PRINTS, &amp; C.

Of every description.

CATALOGUES FORWARDED  
TO THE COUNTRY

UPON THE RECEIPT OF A  
THREE CENT STAMP.

Address  
49k  
95 Duane street, New York.

## PAPER, PAPER, PAPER.—The largest stock of book,

news and wrapping paper in the city.

STRAW BOARDS AND STRAW PAPERS for Shipping.

CANDLE-WICK AND CAP-WASTE.

47-48  
BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman st.

## BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!!!

SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.

J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann st., New York.

Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on  
application.

Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address,  
post paid, will receive immediate attention.

All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised,  
will be furnished to order.

Catalogues sent on application. Address  
J. H. FARRELL,  
Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles,  
14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

## BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &amp; C.

CATALOGUES

sent to the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.

Address  
JOHN ATCHISON,  
83 Duane street, N. Y.

No fraud practiced. No agents employed.

## RACE BOATS FOR SALE.—Two Four-Oared Shell

Boats, nearly new, and a Six-Oared Clinker-built Boat, for  
sale. For particulars as to weight, dimensions, &c., address Box  
479 Post Office, Toronto, Canada West.

\*See remarks to Mary E. M., this week.

## BOXING AND SWORD GLOVES, Riding and Shoot-

ing Leggings, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by

HEALY & CO.

8-11  
E. E. cor. Fourth and Chestnut sts., Philad'a, Pa.

## GAME FOWLS.—For sale and always on hand for

breeding, or Pit purposes, such as English, Irish, Derby,  
Softons, Mexicans, and all of the most popular breeds imported into  
this country; also, two pairs of imported fowls for sale. Eggs \$2  
per dozen. Address L. B. LEGG, Box 65, Dover, N. H.

## BOOK OF NATURAL MAGIC.—The "Wizard of the

North's" great book of Natural Magic, containing 300 amusing  
tricks. Price 25 cents. Sent to any address in the United States  
or Canada. Address  
N. B. HOWARD & CO., 23 Ann st., N. Y.

## EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, No. 7 Chatham Square, N.

Y.—Situations for Clerks, Porters, Barkeepers, Gardeners,  
Men on Steamers, &c. Charges Moderate.

4-11

## VOLUNTEERS ATTENTION!—The Manual of Arms,

just issued. No soldier should be without it. Price 25 cents  
per copy. Mailed free. Address  
N. B. HOWARD & CO., 23 Ann st., N. Y.

## "WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE!"

J. A. WALNUT.

OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,  
212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.